dolence, or, to enjoy ſome trifling indulgence, diſguſt?

The depravity of the appetite which brings the ſexes together, has had a ſtill more fatal effect. Nature muſt ever be the ſtandard of taſte, the gauge of appetite—yet how groſsly is nature inſulted by the voluptuary. Leaving the refinements of love out of the queſtion; nature, by making the gratification of an appetite, in this reſpect, as well as every other, a natural and imperious law to preſerve the ſpecies, exalts the appetite, and mixes a little mind and affection with a ſenſual guſt. The feelings of a parent mingling with an inſtinct merely animal, give it dignity; and the man and woman often meeting on account of the child, a mutual intereſt and affection is excited by the exerciſe of a common ſympathy. Women then having neceſſarily ſome duty to fulfil, more noble than to adorn their perſons, would not contentedly be the ſlaves of caſual luſt; which is now the ſituation of a very conſiderable number who are, literally ſpeaking, ſtanding diſhes to which every glutton may have acceſs.

I may be told that great as this enormity is, it only affects a devoted part of the ſex—devoted for the ſalvation of the reſt. But, falſe as every aſſertion might eaſily be proved, that recommends the ſanctioning a ſmall evil to produce a greater good; the miſchief does not ſtop here, for the moral character, and peace of mind, of the chaſter part of the ſex, is undermined by the conduct of the very women to whom they allow no refuge from guilt: whom they inexorably conſign to the exerciſe of arts that lure their huſbands from them, debauch their ſons, and force them, let not modeſt women ſtart, to aſſume, in ſome degree, the ſame character themſelves. For I will venture to aſſert, that all the cauſes of female weakneſs, as well as depravity, which I have already enlarged on, branch out of one grand cauſe—want of chaſtity in men.

This intemperance, ſo prevalent, depraves the appetite to ſuch a degree, that a wanton ſtimulus is neceſſary to rouſe it; but the parental deſign of nature is forgotten, and the mere perſon, and that for a moment, alone engroſſes the thoughts. So voluptuous, indeed, often grows the luſtful prowler, that he refines on female ſoftneſs. Something more